THE ATLANTIS QUARTERLY

AND

Occult Repository

EDITED BY

LEWIS SPENCE

AND

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

CONTENTS

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FOREWORD

THE first issue of " The Atlantis Quarterly " for the second year of its existence makes its appearance under very considerable difficulties, as subscriptions sufficient for its continuance are not yet to hand. If these are not shortly forthcoming, the promoters will be left with no alternative but to return their subscriptions to those who have contributed, less the cost of the present number. Our patrons are earnestly requested to do their utmost to obtain as many readers as possible within the next few weeks if they desire the " Quarterly " to continue.

The articles contained in this number are of a character such as we believe will attract our readers and those who might become our readers. That by the poet Mr Victor Neuburg is certainly a powerful flight of original thinking, and Mr Charles Richard Cammell's paper on the occult atmosphere of the island of Skye should intrigue those who seek strange experiences in the desert places. The wonderful adventures of Egyptologists in the tombs and in connection with their weird finds brings up once more a question about which much controversy has passed, and which is certainly not closed.

The outstanding article associated with Atlantis in this issue is an illustration of what can be effected by the man of commerce who brings a shrewd mentality to bear on questions of archæological importance, and will doubtless be read with approval and interest by all Atlantean students as the outcome of a fresh and unbiassed mind.

Lastly, the articles on Bee Lore and Scottish Charms cannot but add to the occult knowledge of students of the curious, being as they are the work of careful investigators.

L. S.

ATLANTIS AND AMERICA

By CYRUS FIELD WILLARD

THERE was published in the American Sunday papers of April 10th, 1932, a syndicated newspaper article, in which it stated that Prof. Robert Bennett, of the American Indian Institute of New York, was engaged in unearthing prehistoric relics and bones of the ancient inhabitants of inland Cuba, and was a believer in the theory there exploited of how these ancient people had come into America.

This article went to great lengths to prove that these people came from the banks of the Nile through Palestine, Turkey, Turkestan, and North-Eastern Siberia, crossing Behring Sea by the Aleutian Islands, down through what is now Alaska, Canada, United States, Mexico, to the city of Chichen Itza, in Yucatan, which they built.

It would be just as plausible to assert that the Mayans had gone in the opposite direction and settled Egypt, as Le Plongeon asserted in his book, "Queen Mu," claiming her name was Isis, meaning "little sister." He gave parallel columns of Egyptian and Mayan words, which mean the same.

But there is another theory which seems a more logical working hypothesis than either, and more in accordance with common sense. That is that Cuba, the Greater and Lesser Antilles, are the remnants of the continental area that once connected Africa and America, and which the oft-remarked similarity of the fauna and flora of the two continents in the same latitude would require to have existed. It is said that a broad stone highway goes across the country in Yucatan and ends abruptly at the seashore, only to be seen again on an island further out, which it crosses and goes out of sight again in the ocean on the eastern side. This could well be one of the main arteries

of travel in that kingdom which Plato called "Poseidonia" and we now call the "Lost Atlantis."

The Mayan and Egyptian civilizations undoubtedly have their resemblances, which have caused comments from many writers, and which would be only natural if they were in fact the scattered fragments of the same nation. Tradition has brought down to modern times the knowledge of those who fled in wild dismay, to the East and to the West, when their island continent sank beneath the dashing waves, as Gustave Doré has pictured in his engravings of the Biblical flood. This was but an echo of that terrible event which is recorded in all religions.

If as a working hypothesis we accept the idea of the lost Atlantis, we shall find that it explains many more things, and has more corroborations as a theory merely, than any of the other theories.

Professor James H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, is regarded by many as one of the most accurate of modern historians. In his book, "Ancient Times: A History of the Early World," we shall find a good confirmation of the theory of the identity of the Mayan tribes with those that fled Eastward on the submergence of Atlantis, which it is alleged took place some 11,000 years ago.

On page 252 of that book we shall find a picture of the sea-warriors of Crete who had been taken prisoners, and are shown wearing feathered head-dresses like the Mayans and our American Indians were in the habit of wearing. They had been driven out of Crete by the Dorian Greeks, and settled in Palestine, where they were known as the Philistines, and he says that Palestine is but a modern form of the name Philistine. Some of them tried to invade Egypt in their flight from Crete, but were taken captive by the navy of Ramses III, and that king caused the picture which Breasted copies to be placed on the walls of his Temple at Thebes in Egypt.

In the same book, on page 257, we find a picture of this sea-fight, showing four Egyptian vessels and four of

the Cretans, with one overturned. Breasted calls them Ægeans or Cretans, and in this ancient naval battle the Cretans are shown wearing the Indian feathered head-dress similar to those our American Indians wear, and particularly those Indians of the regions where Professor Bennett is now working.

This sea-fight took place on the coast of Palestine, where the "sea-kings of Crete" settled after being driven out of their island home by the Greeks, for which the priests of Sais assured Solon they deserved much credit. He tells us on page 256 of his book how these fleeing Cretans had seen the palaces of Knossos go up in flames, and were able, after being driven back by the vessels of Ramses III, to find a home in Palestine. He does not seem to see the similarity of this name with that of the Pelasgians, the primitive inhabitants of Greece, nor does he remind us that the inhabitants of that coast were later known as Phœnicians, whom we know to have been skilful sailors, and possessed of the art of writing and other arts. He does say that they built a group of prosperous cities which were well civilized, and furnished many skilful workmen for the building of Solomon's Temple. Whence came those who built Knossos, whose remains Sir Arthur Evans has exhumed, where they had apartment houses and sanitary plumbing? They must have come from a source which also furnished the Egyptian people, for the further we go back in the history of Egypt of which we have record, the greater is its civilization. In Crete we find they had the same customs and instruments as the Egyptians. On page 221 of Breasted's book we find a representation of a harvest-festival, which is led by a priest whose head is shaven after the custom of the Egyptian priests, while he carries an Egyptian sistrum. This shows they had similar customs and came from the same root-stock as the Egyptians, whose earliest civilization was transplanted from some other locality.

This Ægean civilization, as he terms it, began at least 3,000 years B.C., says Breasted, and lived there many

centuries before the race known to us as Greeks appeared on the scene. Breasted says these Ægeans, the predecessors of the Greeks on the northern Mediterranean shores, belonged to a great and gifted white race having no connection with the Greeks. He also says, in a footnote on page 227, that "It has been thought that this race had its origin in Northern Africa, and that they spread entirely around the Mediterranean. The Egyptians and Semites may be branches of it." They were, and their descendants still are, widely scattered along the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

At a time far earlier than any of our written records, they had occupied not only the mainland of Greece and the islands of the Ægean Sea, but they had also settled on the neighbouring shores of Asia Minor. The Greeks have always called the early settlers, whom they displaced, Pelasgians. He also says: "From the beginning the leader in this island civilization of the Ægean Sea was Crete." They were interblended by commerce and racial kinship with Egypt. In one place Breasted calls the Cretans and the Egyptians "cousins." They were known as great sailors, and Breasted says, "It has become a modern habit to call them the 'sea-kings of Crete.'"

That is a just charaterization, as they were also the "sea-kings" of Poseidonis who found there a new home, as will be related later. It is not necessary to go into the later history of Knossos, of Mycenæ and Tiryns, when they were overwhelmed by the floods of the Indo-European races from the North, first the Achæans, then the Dorians, the latter of whom overwhelmed Crete and took possession of the coast of Asia Minor, with the Dorians in the South, the Ionians in the middle, and the Æolians in the North. Here a memorable expedition in the 12th century B.C. captured and burned the prosperous commercial city of Troy, whose castle is said to have been 1,000 years older than that of Mycenæ or Tiryns.

Where did this lost Cretan civilization come from? Breasted says (in a footnote, page 258): "We do not

know to what group of languages the old Ægean speech, now lost, belonged." Nor has their lineal writing been deciphered. Neither has the Basque language been allocated to any of the Indo-European languages, and the Basques themselves claim that they came from the sunken continent of Atlantis.

The existence of the Madeiras, Azores, Canaries and Cape Verde Islands are said to represent the mountain peaks of this vanished continent, while it is known that plateaus exist in the ocean near the Azores. Volcanic action and earthquakes are not uncommon in these islands, which might cause submergence as well as upheaval.

It is asserted in "Isis Unveiled" that Sanskrit was the speech of the Atlanteans. While this may not be accepted by modern scientists, yet it is worthy of a place in an hypothesis. It has also been said that the "old Greeks and Romans" were Atlanteans. Who were these Pelasgi above referred to whom Herodotus said were "the forefathers of the Greeks"? There was also that mysterious and wonderful race of the Etruscans, whose origin is considered an insoluble problem.

Another writer has said that the Pelasgi were a highly intellectual people, occupied with agriculture, warlike when necessary, but preferring peace, who made canals, subterranean water-works, dams, walls and Cyclopean buildings of most astonishing strength, and are suspected of having been the inventors of the Cadmean or Phœnician writing, from which all European characters are derived.

With the correlation of geological eras with human chronology, it is seen that the system of Archbishop Ussher of 6,004 years is a chronology fit for babes only, and not for thinking men. Since the spade of the archæologist has begun its work, the horizon of man's existence on this earth has been pushed back many millenniums.

We are beginning to see that Magna Græcia, in the southern tip of Italy, must have required thousands of years before its civilization was developed, just as was claimed by Plato, Aristotle, Homer and the Cyclic poems,

and these were based on other records millenniums older.

Why was it necessary to "go around Robin Hood's barn" to find a connection between the Mayan and Egyptian civilizations by the way of the Aleutian Islands when we have ancient records which are worthy of credence? Why postulate a trek from Egypt, through Palestine, Turkey, Turkestan, Siberia, to the Aleutian Islands, down through North America to Yucatan and Cuba, when the earthquake and submergence of Atlantis, with its terrible flood, would explain this connection, and which flood is recorded in all the books of all the religions of the world? Then the approaching submergence would have set these sea-rovers flying into the Mediterranean Sea, and to the tops of the Hindu Koosh Mountains in Asia as far as they could go to get away from the devastating, swallowing, dashing sea. Flying west, they would have fled across Yucatan into the high mountains of Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, even as far as Alaska, to get away from the flood caused by the submergence of Atlantis. All nations have legends of this event.

Emerson said, "To go back to Plato is to make progress." He was one of the greatest of the philosophers of the Greeks, and well informed. He tells us in his "Timæus" that Critias relates how his grandfather had been told by Solon some events in early Athenian history, which he had learned from the Egyptian priests of Sais, whose records went further back in time.

"The most famous of all the Athenians' exploits," Solon was told, "was the overthrow of the island of Atlantis. This was a continent lying over against the Pillars of Hercules, in extent greater than Libya and Asia put together, and was the passage to other islands AND TO ANOTHER CONTINENT, of which the Mediterranean Sea was only the harbour. *Within the Pillars*, the empire of Atlantis reached to *Egypt* and *Tyrrhenia*. This mighty power was arrayed against Egypt and Hellas, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Then did your city bravely, and won renown over the whole earth, for,

at the peril of its own existence and when the other Hellenes had deserted her, she repelled the invader, and of her own accord gave liberty to all the nations within the Pillars. A little while afterwards, there was a great earthquake, and your warrior race all sunk into the earth, and the great island of Atlantis disappeared into the sea. This is the explanation of the shallows which are found in that part of the Atlantic Ocean."

Such is the substance of the story told Solon by the Egyptian priests about the island of Atlantis and the other great Continent beyond, which was known to them, and which shows that there was a connection of America with Atlantis.

It is safe to say that thousands of years must have been given to the foundation of Cumæ and Magna Græcia, of which it was the chief settlement. The civilization of the latter was already effete when Pythagoras (born at Samos, an island on the coast of Asia Minor) settled at Crotona, near the southern tip of Italy.

If it took the barbarians of Wesern Europe so many centuries to develop a language and create an empire, it must have taken 10,000 years or more for the Philistines, descendants from the Atlantean "sea-kings," to build their Tyres and their Veii, their Sidons and Carthages.

Why is it that this statement from a respectable author is not accepted? Is it because the minds of our anthropologists are limited by the infantile chronology of the past and reject the statements of Plato, simply because they do not want to accept them? Yet they must give way in time and accept the Truth.

Modern Florence is said to lift her beautiful form above the tomb of Etruscan Florence, while Schliemann turned a fable into reality and discovered, for full measure, six Troys, one on top of the other.

To the question as to who were the Pelasgians, or Philistines (the Phœnicians being descendants of the latter), as well as the Etruscans, let us also add who were the mysterious Iapygians, who seem to

have had an earlier acquaintance with writing than the Phœnicians?

Prof. Max Muller has shown that Sanskrit was the elder sister, and by no means the mother, of the modern languages, especially those of the Greeks and Romans. Yet it has been shown by philologists that Sanskrit can be traced in the language of the Greeks, the Italians, Slavonians, Germans, Kelts, and every Aryan nation.

The ancestors of all the Indo-Europeans (or Indo-Germanic Japhetidæ), including the Greeks and Roman sub-races, have to be traced farther back into the mists of prehistoric periods which are slowly melting away before the sun of Truth.

The old Italian race, the Iapygians, were driven before the Latin invaders and cooped up in the clefts of the Calabrian rocks, showing but little if any race affinity. Their inscriptions in an unknown tongue and mysterious characters, have been for years pronounced indecipherable. Yet these Iapygians, Etruscii, Pelasgii and, later, the strong admixture of the Hellenic and Kelto-Gaulic element in the veins of the primitive Itali of Latium, formed the tribes gathered by Romulus on the banks of the Tiber, who had as much Latinism in them as the Romanic people of Wallachian Roumania.

Atlantis, like modern Europe, undoubtedly comprised many, many nations, and many dialects. The writer has read that the predominating speech in Atlantis was a language which has survived only in the dialects of some American Indian tribes and in the Chinese speech of some inland Chinamen, a language which was an admixture of the agglutinate and monosyllabic. Also that there were a number of small islands scattered around Poseidonis, vacated long before the final catastrophe which alone has remained in the memory of man, thanks to some written records.

Tradition says that one of the small tribes (the Æolians), who had become islanders after emigrating from far Northern countries, had to leave their homes again for

fear of a deluge. The Æolians, although of Aryan stock, so it is said, were Atlanteans, not only by virtue of their long residence, covering some thousands of years, in the now submerged continent, but by the free intermingling of blood through inter-marriage. The Æolians of Atlantis were Aryans on the whole as much as the Basques are now Southern European, although it is claimed that they belonged to the South Dravidian stock of Southern India.

Frightened by the frequent earthquakes (such as Lisbon in the same latitude has always experienced), and by the visible approach of the cataclysm, this tribe is said to have filled a flotilla of *arks* and to have sailed from "beyond the Pillars" of Hercules, and through them; and after several years sailing along the coasts of Spain, France, Italy and Greece (as those countries are now called), they landed on the shores of the Ægean Sea, in the land now known as Thessaly, to which they gave the name of Æolia.

In that mythical age, Greece, Crete, Sicily, Sardinia and many other islands would seem to have been the far-away colonies or possessions of Atlantis, confirming the statements of the Egyptian priest to Solon, that the empire extended to Egypt, and to Sicily and Sardinia, and all that part known as Tyrrhenia, which included Crete and Greece. The inclusion of Crete among the colonies of Atlantis would show from whence those "sea-kings" came with their Indian head-dress of feathers, as pictured in Breasted's book.

It is possible that Professor Burnett may find in Cuba some records of those who fled in the opposite direction, and carried their feathered head-dress with them far inland to the heights of the Rocky Mountains, as those did who fled Eastward to the Hindu Koosh mountains, or at least to the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean inland sea.

To this day there exists a popular tradition that relates how the forefathers of the Thessalonians had come from "beyond the Pillars," asking for help and refuge from

great Zeus, and imploring the father of the Gods to save them from the deluge.

Could the records of the Mayas be deciphered fully, it would no doubt be shown that they were the descendants of the tribes who fled to the West, and hence the similarity between the Temples of the Mayans and those of the Egyptians.

There are those who claim that the fable of Prometheus antedates the destruction of Poseidonis by 70,000 years, and that Poseidonis was but an insignificant remnant, comparatively, of the great continent of Atlantis, which was known by another name in those days. Many islands and islets still survive of this great continent, in the shape of the Madeiras, Canaries, Cape Verde and Azores islands, which are but mountain peaks of the old submerged continent. It is also said that the inhabitants of the miserable fisherman's village of " Aclo " or Acla (once Atlan), near the Gulf of Uraha at the north-east corner of Panama, were allied at one time to the progenitors of the old Greeks and Romans.

The writer has also read statements that the last of the Atlantean islands, Poseidonis, perished some 11,000 years ago, and the Aryan race began its evolution more than 900,000 years ago.

At what point do we fix the root-germ of the ancestral line of the " old Greeks and Romans," and who were they, if not, like the Æolians, refugees from Atlantis, who fled from that subsiding continent, some of whose remains we may also see in the Greater and Lesser Antilles. The island of Cuba is almost due East, and but a short distance from Yucatan and Guatemala, where the Temples of the Mayas are slowly yielding up their secrets.

If the Mayans and the Egyptians are from the same racial stock, as shown in their Temples, and their resemblance so great as to force anthropologists to accept their kinship, why seek to account for this similarity by the ridiculous theory of a travelog of impossible extent? Why would it not be more in line with common

sense to accept the traditions of the past and take, as a working hypothesis, the existence of this root-stock in the inhabitants of the submerged continent of Atlantis?

It may be that Professor Burnett will discover in Cuba remains of a people who wore feathered head-dresses like those pictured on the walls of the Temple of Thebes in Egypt, and as were worn by "the sea-kings of Crete."

Would it not be more in line with common sense to say that they came there from the island continent which at one time permitted easy travel between Africa and America, the existence of the latter being known to the Egyptian priests, as their statement to Solon proved? Geology shows that our rock strata, particularly the sedimentary, have been many times submerged and lifted above the sea, with consequent variations in the shape of the present existing continents, which might not at some time have formed the present bridge over the Aleutian Islands.

These geological eras have shown the existence of man on the earth for a number of million years, and it is fair to presume there have been many civilizations in that time. The Cretans had sewers and sanitary plumbing, and, according to Breasted, the Greek word for "bath-tub" is a remnant of old Cretan speech. Proofs are not given for many assertions, since they are only intended to serve as suggestions for working hypotheses, which explain the facts better than any other theory. They also serve to show the fertility of the field in which Professor Burnett is now engaged, as well as the advisability of not going so far a-field for the explanation of the Mayans and Egyptians being so much alike.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE TOMBS IN ANCIENT EGYPT

By PETER GRANVILLE FELL

THOTH, the Great Magician and Scribe of the Gods, wrote a curse on the wall of the mummy's sepulchre, in most of the tombs of the Pharaohs, a curse designed to guard the tomb, acting upon all who entered it. For example, on the wall of Harkhuf's tomb at Aswan are written these words: "As for any man who shall enter into this tomb . . I will pounce upon him as on a bird; he shall be judged by the Great God (Osiris, god of the Necropolis or City of the Dead)." This warning, meant doubtless for the robber, has become applicable also in later times to the excavator. Lack of reverence for any object in the tomb has from time to time aroused the Guardian Spirit, who has dealt out sickness or death to all who came within reach of his power. Of the violators of the tomb of Tutankhamen hardly one has survived.

Mr Arthur Weigall, the well-known novelist and late inspector-general of Egyptian Antiquities, had some extraordinary experiences. The following are among the incidents which befell him:—In the year 1909 the late Lord Carnarvon discovered a mummified cat. This was taken to Mr Weigall's house by a servant, who, in carrying it to his bedroom, was stung by a scorpion, and who afterwards swore that the cat was the cause of it. When Mr Weigall went to bed that night, he thought he saw the cat's head turn to look at him, and just as he was dozing off, a rending crack broke the silence, and the two sides of the mummy case falling apart, a large grey cat pounced on to the bed, and buried its claws in his hand. It then sprang out of the window. Mr Weigall's own cat appeared horrified, staring into the darkness with its back up. Between the

two shells of the case sat the mummy itself, with the bandages burst outward at the throat, as if the soul had forced its way through. This strange story the eminent Egyptologist himself relates.

Another incident is that of the mummy of a Grand Vizir. This mummy was placed in the store-room of a house where Mr Weigall was staying with a lady and her little girl. One day, after long consideration, Mr Weigall took off the wrappings and placed them on a shelf in the room of these two people. Soon afterwards, the little girl fell very ill, and was on the point of dying, whereupon Mr Weigall took away the linen wrappings, and almost immediately she recovered. When a photograph was taken of this mummy, directly by its side, on the plate was seen a face which the photographer had never seen before, and which had the appearance of some long dead person.

After the tomb of Tutankhamen had been emptied, Mr Weigall went to sit by the ancient doorway, with a cameraman beside him, to watch Lord Carnarvon and a few others look over the tomb. Mr Weigall heard Lord Carnarvon say that he intended "to give a party down there," and Weigall, whom the suggestion displeased, whispered to his companion, "I give that man six weeks to live if he does." Lord Carnarvon gave the party, and within six weeks was dead.

While Mr Weigall was conducting excavations at Abydos, he was clearing out a vertical tomb-shaft. It was twenty feet deep, and filled up with sand and stone. Two days' work brought him and his men to the end of their labour, but just as the sun was setting and the men were going home, they discovered the mummy of an old woman. Her face was horrible, though wonderfully preserved, and her arms were outstretched before her. Mr Weigall told one of his men to wait until he had completed his search of the tomb, and while he was doing this, darkness fell with terrifying rapidity; the rain started to come down in torrents, and the wind began to howl. He called to the man whom he had asked to stay behind, but either this man had

misunderstood him, or been afraid to remain, for there was no answer. Hoisting, therefore, the mummy on to his back, with its arms around his neck, he started to climb the rope-ladder up the side of the shaft, holding his lamp in one hand. When he was half-way up he noticed that the face of the old woman was grinning at him over his *left* shoulder; just as he reached the top he kicked a stone which broke the glass of the lantern, and put the light out. It was then that, to his utter amazement, he found the mummy had changed its position, and was looking at him over his *right* shoulder. When he reached the hut at the top of the shaft, he tried to shake his burden off, but found with horror that the fingers were entangled firmly into his coat, and would not let go. With a sudden jerk he brought the body round, so that they were face to face. Mr Weigall, overcome with terror, pushed it over the side of the shaft, and next morning they found it quite unharmed and in exactly the same position as when they had first discovered it.

SPIRIT-FORCES IN SKYE

By CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL

IN remote places, where the very wildness of Nature has of itself defeated the assaults of Civilisation, the mind becomes aware of Forces beyond the range of the natural, as it is narrowly and erroneously circumscribed by Ignorance. There are regions which certainly awaken what Mr S. M. Ellis has defined as " that sense of the subtle affinity between wild scenery and the supernatural "; solitudes which instantly suggest Spiritual Presences. In these places the sighing of the wind among tall trees, or the wailing of it through twisted shrubs, the rustle of grass or bracken or bristly heather, the rattle of tide-stirred shingle, have a peculiar quality. An eerie atmosphere, undefinable, yet very real, hangs there over everything. Nowhere is this local peculiarity more remarkable than in certain lonely parts of the Western Highlands of Scotland, and more particuliarly in the Hebridean Islands. In these isles, how subtle become the senses; how silent are the silences; how soft, yet vital, is the air; how infinitely mysterious in the intense stillness of night are those " spirit-winds that rise and fall " with such unearthly suddenness!

These regions are commonly spoken of by persons who are in no sense specially psychic or studious of the Occult, as 'ghostly places.' Their atmosphere intimates immediately to the least initiated the nearness of unseen beings which have no place among the *fauna* of any terrestrial continent. We know there instinctively that we are being watched, and often resentfully, by incorporeal intelligences whose home is in the remote and savage retreats into which we have thrust our unwelcome presences.

That such feelings in such places are not creatures of the imagination is abundantly clear from their universality: they are common to people of all sorts and conditions; they are, too, inwardly obvious to all who have experienced them. Among those who have had no such experience, and by the great majority of those who have, it seems to be taken for granted that some kind of natural association exists between certain places, where the scenery is unusual by its wildness or grandeur, and certain weird imaginings of the mind. Why this connection should be, few people indeed ask themselves. Yet a very slight amount of reflection would suffice to convince anyone that there can be no possible cause of an association that is imaginary between any particular type of country and what is called the supernatural, and that, since an association has been generally and powerfully perceived from time immemorial, and is still perceived, some definite and very real connection between the natural locality and its supernatural inhabitants must exist. In other words, we may be sure that spirit-denizens of some kind do actually haunt in a very special manner those lonely and awful scenes in which their presence is vaguely yet recognisably perceived by almost everyone. What manner of Beings these are that walk the Solitudes we cannot certainly tell, but that they are present in many remote places we may confidently affirm, and it is not unprofitable to enquire as we may into their nature and characteristics.

In the Isle of Skye, as in those of Mull and Iona, the veil is tenuous between the visible and the invisible. The atmosphere is saturated with mystery. A volume might be filled with stories all pointing in one direction, to the fact of spirit-inhabitation of a most remarkable kind. Hallaval Mór, the greater of the hills known as MacLeod's Tables, is a traditional home of fairies, and is said to conceal, near its summit, a vast *sithean*, or underground dwelling, wherein Fingal was accommodated with a host of warriors. This story is told among many others by Canon MacLeod of MacLeod and by Mr Seton Gordon in their

valuable books on Skye and the Hebrides.[1] Seton Gordon is indeed a master of the Legend, as he is of the natural Lore of the Scottish Highlands and Islands. His vast learning has been gathered laboriously but *con amore* from moor and mountain, by sea-loch and hill-loch, where he has communed alone with the colossal silences, the secrets of whose haunters, from the golden eagle to the grey seal, he has discovered one by one. To such a man the existence of wanderers, other than the heron and the fox, along the shores of the Minch and the corries of the Cuillin, is not unknown. "No one," he writes, "who has seen a summer sunset from the Cuillin can fail to sense the nearness of things spiritual. The half-forgotten Celtic gods, the Fairies or *Daoine Sithe*, the Spirit of the Hills, the mysterious Spirit-forces of the sea—all these are more closely joined to him than the affairs of every-day life."

Widely and deeply has the Idea of a neighbouring and intermingling region of Faery influenced the history of Skye and affected the character of its natives. Who has not heard of the fairy-banner of the MacLeods? Among all the rare and wonderful reliques preserved at Dunvegan Castle it is the rarest and most marvellous. Of how it came into the possession of the chiefs of Clan Leoid there are various traditions: Seton Gordon narrates no less than four. Take which you will, certain it is that the banner is a gift of the Fays to MacLeod. It is to be seen by those who visit this castle of a thousand years: of pale coloured silk it is, stitched over with 'elf-spots': a fragment of curious craft and great antiquity. Of almost equal interest at Dunvegan is the richly-wrought goblet, said to have been carried off from a fairy-hill in ancient times. Indeed the fairies seem to have taken the MacLeods very specially under their protection. Perhaps because a chief of Dunvegan once took for his bride a girl of the fays, who had "eyes with the brown depths of moorland lochs in them." The little bridge that spans the burn where she parted from

1 Notably "The Island Clans during Six Centuries," by the Rev. Canon R. C. MacLeod of MacLeod, and "The Charm of Skye," by Seton Gordon.

MacLeod to return " to her own people in the Country of the Young . . . is called to this day the Fairy Bridge." There is a Lullaby which the fairies sang first to a baby MacLeod long ago, when, according to one tradition, they wrapped him in the fairy-flag. The melody and the verses are still remembered, and it was sung by his nurse to the present Chief, who was born in Dunvegan Castle in 1847. So old is the song that many of the Gaelic words have long been obsolete. The prophesies relating to the fairy banner have been only too truly fulfilled. Twice did its unfurling save the MacLeods in the hour of extreme peril. The third time, it was unfurled through the malice or folly of strangers, and the misfortunes foretold by the Seer of Lewis have come to pass. One prophecy only remains as yet unfulfilled that of the Clan's restoration to its former greatness; but the wheels of Fortune grind slowly.

There would seem to be a connection between the Fairies, or Little People, and the mysterious dwarfish race which inhabited Scotland in remote times before the Norse conquest. These early dwellers were the builders of the *Duns* (*dun* in Gaelic signifies a *fort*), those curious round towers, reliques of which are to be found in various parts of Scotland, but particularly along the coast of Skye, where they seem to have formed a complete chain, each tower being constructed in view of its neighbour-towers on either hand, for the purpose, presumably, of signalling with fire or smoke in times of peril. In two of the best preserved duns which I have visited, the one not far from Dunvegan, the other near Struan, the doorways, of which several remain in the rude and massive ruins, are, with a single exception, not more than three feet in height, while the miniature stairs and closets and the extreme smallness of the passage (a characteristic feature in the architecture of the duns) between the outer and inner walls, clearly testifies to the diminutive stature of the inhabitants. Local tradition describes these inhabitants as " little red men," and it is notable that in Skye, on the authority of Seton Gordon, the fairy-men are called " the little red fellows,

and are clad in crotal-dyed garments"; green being the colour chosen by the lady-fairies for their dresses. There is a lochan, the water of which "is tinged with green, for at dawn fairies cleanse their green garments in it." Significant, too, are the legends which relate how the castles of Dunscaith and Duntulm (the names and situations of which, and of Dunvegan, indicate that these fortresses were super-structures on the foundations of earlier duns) were built by the fairies, reared each in a night, by countless tiny hands. Whether or not the fairy-folk, around whose appearances the mass of legend and elf-lore has accumulated, were not, and are not, for fairies are still seen, the *revenants* or ghosts of the departed "little people" of the duns, I cannot surely say. I understand that Father Cyril Dikoff, whose wide field of learning, and whose study of the language and customs of the Gaels, give weight to his opinion, has a theory on this subject, which it is to be earnestly hoped that he will publish, for it cannot fail to be of profound interest alike to students of Archæology and of the Occult.

But the Elfin is not the only mysterious race inhabiting the Hebridean Isles: the Kelpie, a kind of man-eating water-horse is the subject of many tales. Vampires also figure in local legends, and mermaids are said to have been seen even in recent times. Witchcraft seems to have been much practised, especially in the district of Waternish. Near Fairy Bridge is a cairn raised to commemorate the death there of a boy from that district. His parents, I am told, had gone out one night and left him alone in the house. Three cats descended the chimney and, turning into women, proceeded to perform certain dark rites, which they commanded the boy never to relate on pain of death. When, however, his parents returned, he naturally told everything. Sometime later, as he passed by the Fairy Bridge, he was set upon by ferocious cats and killed.

Of Second Sight and Warnings there are, too, countless stories. A man, still living near Loch Roag, had, sometime before the occurrence, a remarkable vision of the

Great War, in which he afterwards experienced all he had seen and narrated. This vision appeared out of the mist, in the evening, at a cross-roads notoriously haunted. At this place phantom-funerals, forerunners of fatal events, have been seen by many. The *Drek* or *Drook*, a ball of fire, tailed like a comet, is a phenomenon which has been seen by two whom I know well, both reliable witnesses, the one residing near Loch Ness, the other near Dunvegan; in each case it appeared as a dire portent. In the latter, it was seen descending on the Castle shortly before the death of the late MacLeod. Apparitions of the dead are common throughout the Scottish Highlands. Perhaps the most extraordinary effect of ghostly visitation was the abandonment of Duntulm Castle by the Macdonalds of the Isles. The reason for their departure has always been shrouded in mystery, but local tradition has very definitely attributed it to the intolerable haunting of the Castle by the ghost of Donald Gorm. Whether it was that celebrated chief, whose fleet, according to Fraser-Tytler,[1] was of a hundred sail; who was the ally of Elizabeth of England against James VI; and who proudly styled himself "Lord of the Isles of Scotland, and Chief of the Clan Donnell Irishmen," or of his grandson, Donald Gorm Mór, so called from his tall stature, I cannot say, but grim indeed must have been the spectre whose visitations drove that fierce and hardy race from their ancestral hall. I know not if Donald Gorm still haunts the now long ruined fortress; but at night, when the wind is high, it must be a fearsome place, where it clings to a precipice high above the savage waves of the Minch, which tear the rocks beneath and fling themselves upon that home of countless sea-birds, the high, sharp crag guarding the bay.

But a Being, even more sinister, and stranger far than the dead Macdonald, has been seen, and not many years ago, in Skye. A young woman, notably intelligent and practical, had a most remarkable experience, which she has narrated to me. Perhaps, though she will not have it

1 "History of Scotland," Vol. VI.

so, there lies under her cheerful and ever busy personality an unusual psychic gift: her appearance has certainly something of the elfin, and she is of that ancient Clan Nicol which was master of Skye before the first MacLeod or the first Macdonald came there. At the age of eleven she was walking with her father on the edge of Loch Dunvegan, when, looking up, she saw before her at about twenty paces distant, hanging in the air above the sea, with its feet clear of the water, a monstrous figure. It had the appearance of a naked man of gigantic stature: black it was as an African, with a hideous countenance which seemed to be grinning. Its arms were stretched wide, like the wings of an eagle. For several minutes the apparition hung there before the terrified gaze of the child; then it vanished.

The resemblance between the description of this Being (clearly one of the "mysterious Spirit-forces of the Sea") and that of the Djinns or Ifrits of the Arabians, those Genii whom Solomon imprisoned in great jars, sealed with his magic ring, and cast into the sea, whence, one by one, they are released from bondage, will be evident to anyone who has read "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night." The huge stature, the blackness, the grinning countenance, the attitude, all are identical. Yet she who beheld this apparition in Skye had not then, nor has she since, read either the "Nights" or any other oriental book. The appearance was as clear to her, she has assured me, as anything that ever she saw. While it remained visible she noticed an intense coldness, a not unusual accompaniment of spirit-manifestations.

All students of the Occult know how general and widely diffused are the stories of the raising of storms by witches. The incantation seems everywhere to have been accompanied by the ceremonial unloosening of cords, in the knots of which, by secret arts, the winds were imprisoned. But what manner of winds were these? Not the air-currents of the weather-prophets, whose futility was a jest before Jerome K. Jerome immortalised it. Rather were they

those wind-spirits of whom the old rune says: "From the East blows the Purple Wind, from the South the White, from the North the Black, and from the West the Pale."[1] Was it not an Elemental Spirit of the Black Wind that the child saw on the shores of Loch Dunvegan? The Ifrits of Moslem literature, are they not of the same *genus*? When Jesus calmed the storm with the words of power, "Peace, be still!" was it a natural law, without intelligence, which was violated? Was it not rather a legion of elemental storm-spirits whose fury was quelled by His Divine authority, even as the evil ones were cast out from the man possessed into the herd of swine? A belief in Christianity necessitates a belief in Good and Evil spirits. In that credence Pagan and Christian are united. The Grecian poets composed no lovely fictions when they sang of Hamadryad and the Naïades. The Poseidon of Atlantis was not so remote to their subtle vision as to be denied. When they treat of things occult, Paul and Augustine and Columba are at one with Homer and Ovid and Apollonius of Tyana; Pluto was still king of Dante's *Inferno*. The old gods, whom Christ knew and commanded, are not dead; but our senses are grown feeble with the age of our race, and the false teachings of new philosophies.

Often very holy are the spiritual influences of Iona, but in the Cuillin mountains of Skye there are malignant forces: they fly abroad in the shrieking winds, or brood in the impenetrable shadows of vast chasms. They are rapacious of life. He who strays unaware into their dwellings is lost; the Spirits of the High Alps are not more vindictive, nor so dangerous. He that is hurt on the Black Cuillin does not live long.

I write these words by the sea. The white mist has risen, and I can see the Cuillin-spires, sharp and menacing, against the cold sky. Blue islands appear like ghosts far out in the restless ocean. Behind me the moor stretches for miles in every direction: just heather and peat-bogs,

1 *Senchus Mor*, quoted by Seton Gordon. See "The Charm of Skye," p. 221.

with myrtle and canna-grass blowing over their treacherous deeps. Readers, you who believe in none of these things, in whose philosophy there is no room for the Spirit-Forces of Nature, come to the Isles in the fall of the year; walk alone by the sea and on the moors, or go up a little way into the great hills, that you may become more wise.

THE MYSTERIES OF BEE LORE

By M. OLDFIELD HOWEY

(Author of "The Encircled Serpent," etc.)

"The calf, the goose, and the bee,
The world is ruled by these three."
—*Old Saying.*

THE invention of the art of bee-keeping is ascribed by mythology to Aristæus, the son of Apollo and the nymph Cyrene, and classical allusions to the subject are numerous. Virgil *(Georgics* IV) relates how Aristæus, having fallen in love with Eurydice, the spouse of Orpheus, continually pursued her, and how her companions, the Napoean Nymphs, to distract his attention destroyed all his bees. Thereupon he called on his mother, Cyrene, to help, and she advised that he should "suppliant bear offerings, beseeching peace, and venerate the gentle wood-nymphs; for," she added, "at your supplications they will grant forgiveness and mitigate their wrath." In pursuance of her instructions, he sacrificed cattle in a sacred grove, and, on the ninth day "beheld a sudden prodigy, and wonderful to relate, bees through all the belly hum amidst the decomposed bowels of the cattle; pour forth with the fermenting juices from the burst sides, and in immense clouds roll along; then swarm together on the top of a tree, and hang down in a cluster from the bending boughs."

Virgil has also handed on to us an opinion current among his contemporaries that the remarkable intelligence displayed by bees is due to a portion of the Universal Mind that resides within them. Though most of my readers will accept the idea that *all* wisdom is derived from this One Fount, yet when we direct our attention to the innumerable legends and beliefs of ancient and modern peoples concerning bees, we are bound to admit that a *prima facie* case

at least is made out for a particular application of the general principle to these intelligent insects. Yet it was not on account of its ordered and industrious life, or yet because of its invaluable products that wise men of old regarded the bee with such veneration, but was because they believed it afforded a means of communication between the inhabitants of the material and spiritual worlds. We have many instances illustrative of this idea, and the following story related by Charon of Lampsakos is typical :—

" A man, named Rhoekos, happening to see an oak just ready to fall to the ground, ordered his slaves to prop it up. The Nymph who had been on the point of perishing with the tree, came to him and expressed her gratitude to him for having saved her life, and at the same time desired him to ask what reward he would. Rhoekos requested her to permit him to be her lover, and the Nymph acceded to his desire. She . . . . told him a bee should be her messenger. One time the bee happened to come to Rhoekos as he was playing at draughts, and he made a rough reply. This so incensed the Nymph that she deprived him of sight."

When Napoleon adopted the Royal Bee of the Frankish king, Clovis (481) he little guessed that he was infringing on a still more ancient copyright, that of the first Pharaoh. The Bee or " Fly " is the oldest order of chivalry extant; it was found by M. Mariette in the mummy of Queen Aah-hept, the mother of King Aahmes, in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings of Thebes. Aahmes, it may be remembered, was not merely the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, 1,800 B.C., but was also the Pharaoh who, according to the biblical account, was " plagued with great plagues because of Sarai, Abraham's wife."

In Dore's wonderful picture, entitled " Moses before Pharaoh," the standard bearers of the king's guard are represented holding on high their golden trophies of the ibis, the serpent, and the bee.

At a very early date the Egyptians understood the art of modelling in beeswax, and, in their ancient funeral rites, figures of their deities were made from this substance, and, together with other offerings, deposited in the tombs that they might afford comfort to the souls of the departed. Perhaps it is allowable to conjecture that the use of beeswax for the images of the gods was primarily intended to convey a subtle intimation that the gods, though in Heaven, retained a line of communication with their loyal worshippers on earth, and that its technical suitability for the purpose was only a secondary factor in its selection.

Be this as it may, the belief in the bee's strange powers outlived the faith in Egypt's gods, and reached not only Greece, but even the far-off land of Britain. The remembrance of the bee's role as messenger of spiritual beings has lingered in our countryside even to the present day, and we cannot be surprised that a certain sanctity was attached to it by our forefathers. It was to the bee that the Fiddler's Well near Cromarty owed its origin. William Fiddler was one day led to a certain place by the voice of a dead companion. There he noticed a big field bee which flew from the west and hummed around his head. Then he heard it say, "Dig, Willie, and drink," in the voice of his ghostly friend. Accordingly he removed a sod from the bank, and immediately a spring of crystal water poured forth, and proved to possess great healing virtue. We may regard the bee either as the form or medium embodying the dead comrade, or as the guardian spirit of the holy waters.

Perhaps because it is so closely in rapport with the spirit world the bee is one of the three insects said to possess the power of foretelling human death, the other two being the butterfly and the death-watch beetle. The entrance of a wild bee into a house prophesies that a death will shortly take place there. And if a swarm of bees settle on a dead hedge-stake, a dead tree, or the dead bough of a living tree, a death is certain to occur in the family of the owner before twelve months have elapsed.

But the belief in the bee's foreknowledge of death is not everywhere prevalent, and should be compared with the apparently contradictory, but equally strongly held idea, which in country districts still persists among the older generation of bee-keepers, that it is necessary to tell the bees when their master has died. Great importance is attached to the proper performance of this duty, which is known as "Waking of the Bees." The correct manner of communicating the news to the little community is to formally take the key of the house and knock with it three times against each hive, saying at the same time:

"Brownie, Brownie, your master is dead,"

and requesting the bees to remain and work for their new owner. The hives should be put in mourning by attaching to them pieces of crape. It is said that as soon as the bees see this done, they are content to remain in their old quarters, but otherwise they will pine away and die, and old bee-keepers relate stories of apiaries in which every bee perished, because of neglect to give the proper obituary notice.

Bees ought also to be informed when a wedding is about to take place, and their hives should be appropriately decorated, as this will bring good luck to the bridal pair.

Peace is an essential for bee-luck, so there must never be a quarrel concerning them, or the colony will die out.

Christian symbolism has not neglected the bee, although, as we might expect, it has approached the ideograph through a quite different avenue. Candles of beeswax are considered to be specially suitable for use at the Christian Sacrament, and other forms of lighting the altar at the great celebration, such as gas, or electricity, were long regarded with disfavour by the Catholic Church. Catholic authors emphasise that wax is not of man's making, but is a pure material produced by the sexless bees, whose virginity has bestowed upon its substance something of their own virginal character. The altar candles that are made from it appear not only to the outer

eye, but to the eye of the mind as pure and spotless. Probably for the same reason, beeswax was also the material employed when votive offerings of saintly figures were presented to the churches by the pious, much as the images of the gods had been offered when they were placed in the tombs of Egypt.

Catholic legends attribute to bees a conscious recognition of holy things. We may read how, in former days, beekeepers, on the advice of magicians, often placed a Host in the bee-hive with the object of promoting its increase. When this was done, it was discovered later that the pious bees had built an altar of wax, or even a tiny chapel to protect the Body of God. It was evident that the pure insects stood in some sort of sympathetic rapport with the Sacrament which enabled them to recognise the Supreme Being though veiled in the material garb of the Host, and prompted them to pay it proper reverence.

Beehives are sometimes made in the forms of saints to gratify the devout community they are intended to house. Such a one, here depicted, was on view in the annual honey market in Tilburg, Holland, in September, 1932. Thus do the eternal mysteries outlive the religions and science of man.

PANADORATION

By VICTOR B. NEUBURG

(Author of "The Triumph of Pan," "Songs of the Grove," etc.)

"IN the oldë tymë of the King Artour all was this lond fulfild of Fäerie," writes Geoffrey Chaucer, and it was not until centuries later that Corbet, most lyrical of Bishops, lamented, in his famous poem, the decline of the Fäerie-Race. But now we, the scientifically-gnostic moderns, have changed all that.

Maurice Hewlett has confirmed the Fäerie Faith beyond and above our hopes, and Reginald Scot's Catalogue of the Nature-Spirits of his day is not modernly exhaustive.

We are fortunate, we moderns; the legends of the past are taking shape around us; and the tenuous forms of the elemental races are becoming re-ensouled by the widely-spread clairvoyance of our day.

It is fatally easy to quote and quote and quote; the world of books is full to the edge of folk-lore; folk-lorists know only pinned-down, dessicated, tabulated mummies; the new folk-lore is a record of things seen and —even more—heard. The world of Fäerie is born anew; our age is happy in the exhaustless knowledge of the elemental races.

The Aquarian Age, upon which our world, and our society, is now entering, is one to which heresy will be unfamiliar and exceptional. The world-consciousness—by which I mean the collective consciousness of mankind —is rising gradually from mere cerebrality towards a faculty that lies spirally above thought. Many 'advanced' members of our race have already reached these levels; the rest of humanity will surely and perhaps rather painfully follow. It will, however, be 'worth it'; and in any case it is the next step.

This impending change, a change that is quite obvious to the intellectually discerning, is perhaps better expressed if we say that phantasy is becoming rationalised.

Rationalism is a plane surface of mind; phantasy is a spiral aspect of mentality. Between the apex and the base of the spiral—"as above, so below"—lies the elemental-region of nature-spirits, personifications of mode; and, occasionally, individualisations of aspects of nature.

The 'exchange' here is natural enough; in the wider sense of nature, that of 'coming into being'; as man, the microcosm, represents the cosmos that, on this planet, he crowns in all its moods, weathers, changes, elements and cataclysms, so moods, weathers, changes, elements and cataclysms have their sides that approach man 'personalised'—to coin a necessary word; and these 'personalisations' are known, among hundreds of other names, as Fairies.

Rosicrucians, Alchemists, and in modern times Theosophists, have rightly insisted upon the reality-correspondences between nature and man; man is elemental in mood, as language evinces. Tempestuous, stormy, sunny, flowery, are amongst the scores of 'natural' attributes applied to man; tempests, storms, suns, flowers, have their 'human' side—the side that they show to man; and beings that in some measure correspond to man are postulated in every folk-lore in the world.

It has been well said in an hitherto unpublished book that elementals strike slantwise across the fanlight of man's consciousness. The evolution of these beings is not parallel with man's. Rather it 'strikes across' man's evolution. And in moments of vision there is a 'meeting'—as it were—when and where the vertical 'strikes across' the horizontal: the spiral again.

Man aspires upward; and elementals cross the line of man's evolvement. "In every grain of wheat," says an old writer quoted by Arthur Machen, "lies hidden the soul of a star." And in every flower, and in every cloud,

and in every rock, lies concealed a being that, in some concealed mode, is a counterpart of man, the planetary crown. In the language of the Qabalah, Malkuth, the Foundation, lies dormant in Kether, the crown. This 'dormancy' is sometimes awakened; and an elemental or fairy comes into manifestation, and is cognisable by man.

Such is the Rosicrucian and Alchemical explanation; this explanation is not yet orthodox science; but it may tend to become so when the extension of the senses, that is so obvious a concomitant of our rapidly-awakening age, becomes more widely diffused. It is of course possible to allege, as the duller Rationalists tend to do, that all occult theory is delusion; but the modern trend is all towards conclusivity; and we are returning gladly to old scientific conceptions, these conceptions being fortified by modern investigations.

A single instance of this must here suffice. The reader, whether sceptic or occultist—or, better still, both—is referred to the profoundest book of modern times; a book introduced and sponsored by one of the noblest and most catholic of modern scientists, C. G. Jung—"The Golden Flower." In this work east and west are reconciled, despite Kipling's superficial—because Imperialist—judgement; and the 'place' of so-called Occultism is findable accurately in the field of modern science. Here I coin a new word—Apertism. It is of Apertism that Constructive Folk-Lore is a branch.

Consider for a moment what we are slowly discovering in mind, or mens. Mens is man. 'The mind *is* the man.' And in mind is everything; the whole of the past, from pre-amœban times; the radio-active present with its myriad facets; and the unfolding, uncurling, unspiralling future; what is not in mind is nowhere, as far as man is concerned. And unsophisticated mind, the world over, holds elemental life to be a fact in nature. Orthodox science may explain away, as it will; it has not yet found a way to explain The Way, a way that will cover all the

facts. The fact about orthodox science—an orthodoxy that is as variable as religious orthodoxy—is that it is continually expanding to admit new facts; it certainly expands at the expense of religion, that tends to shrink in proportion to the growth of positive knowledge; but the point is that while knowledge is expanding at the expense of superstition, there is actually in existence the source wherefrom knowledge (crystallised experience) and faith (intuitive optimism or will-to-live) originally sprang. That source is mind. Somewhere in mind lies the key to the future. In the depths of man's subconscious mind lies that kinship with all nature—panadoration—that includes the love for other modes of nature that transforms folklore from a dead into a living knowledge.

Panador might well be the name of the nature-cultus that includes the elementals in its elements; the idea is not merely the admiration (or wonder at) natural things, but the recognition of their kinship with the other phenomena; this kinship is necessitated by the essential monism of the universe, which, quite literally, hangs together, as even orthodox astronomy has to admit.

"Our life is" not merely "a watch or a vision between a sleep and a sleep," but a compromise between chaos and cosmos; and between conception and birth lies the path to life that is bordered by almost unknown territory, and visited by beings who cross our way to birth from queer, unexpected angles, sometimes following, for a part of the way, at least, the road—the zodiac—that leads to human birth.

The human fancies himself the only psychically-conscious earth-inhabitant, much as the mediæval theologians fancied that the universe was geocentric. The truth seems to be that real humanism progresses in so far as it recognises its own place on earth.

In a sense the universe *is* geocentric, in that any star or planet is as much the 'centre' as any other star or planet; for there *is* no centre where the whole scheme is in motion; "the centre is everywhere."

The testimony of the ages and the testimony of minds agree in asserting the "correspondences" that explain the inner kinship of man with external nature. If Beauty is skin-deep, Truth is kin-deep; and truth, in the suprarational sense, is of the soul. The rationalist will cavil here, of course, and rightly enough from his point of view; but cerebrally-evolved truth is not necessarily final truth; it is only so, indeed, if brain be the final arbiter.

It is the æsthetic faculty that distinguishes man from his fellow-mammals; æstheticism is founded on experience—often sub-conscious experience. In Blake's complete phrase, "The eye sees more than the heart knows." In other words, æstheticism, so confused with and tangled-up in the emotions, is of the soul.

In all fairy mythologies the Fairy seeks above all things to gain for him- or herself a soul; hence his or her own unconscious appeal to man is through panadoration, or nature-worship.

Trace this theme through the cult-histories of all old races, and the idea will become clear; here, indeed, is a reconciliation between science and occultism; here is the dawn of illumination arising over the twilight of thought that is rationalism. Here is the fringe of a new ideology that may revivify the whole of our science, by admitting new blood—faerie-blood—into our race.

FIVE SCOTTISH CHARMS

By COLEMAN O. PARSONS

THE word *charm* is derived through Middle English and French from the Latin *carmen*, song, verse, oracular response, or incantation. Originally, therefore, a charm was a chant or recitation resorted to because of its magical potency. By a natural transfer of meaning, an action or an object producing a result similar to that of the spoken charm grew to be considered a veritable charm. Most charms—and particularly those of the Highlands—depend on the combined efficacy of word, deed, and material object. An excellent example of just such a combination is the ritual performed when an unfortunate person showed himself under the influence of the evil eye by yawning, vomiting, and looking grim, gruesome, and repulsive—*greann, greisne, grannda.* The operator of the charm lifted water (in the name of the Holy Trinity) from a stream where both the living and the dead had passed; then a spouse's ring, a piece of gold, of silver, and of copper, were put in a wooden ladle with the water, over which the sign of the cross was made, and the following rhyme was slowly repeated:—

Who shall thwart the evil eye?
I shall thwart it, methinks,
In the name of the King of life.
Three seven commands so potent,
Spake Christ in the door of the city;
Pater Mary one,
Pater King two,
Pater Mary three,
Pater King four,
Pater Mary five,
Pater King six,
Pater Mary seven;
Seven pater Maries will thwart

The evil eye,
Whether it be on man or on beast,
On horse or on cow;
Be thou in thy full health this night,
[*the name*]
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

The water thus consecrated is given to the patient to drink and is sprinkled over his head, care being taken that not a drop should reach the ground.[1]

The dipping of charms in water, which is thereafter endowed with curative properties, is a fairly common procedure. It is characteristic of a stream-worn felstone pebble which was handed down in a family on Loch Tummel-side, Perthshire, until about 1890. This was steeped in water, which was then used to bathe the inflamed udders of queys—young cows—after calving. Water in which a similar egg-shaped stone had been immersed was so continually sought after in Sutherlandshire that its owner, Lord Reay, gave it away in order to free himself from importunity.[2] The stone was traditionally supposed to have come from Loch-mo-nar in Strathnaver. It is about this loch and the origin of its healing qualities that an interesting story is told. Certain pebbles which were used by a woman in the cure of diseases were coveted by a man in whose house she lodged. She fled with her precious pebbles, but, finding that her pursuer was the fleeter of foot, she threw them into a loch, crying out *mo-nar*, that is my shame, or my shame.[3]

Another charm is a wood knot hole, which was worn in Ayrshire as a guard against the machinations of witches. Since most amulets gain a certain prestige from their strangeness—their infrequency of occurrence—the knot hole may well seem a rather commonplace, unmysterious protection. Its power is derived from the mystic circle crudely represented by the hole, to which folk-lore has

1 Alexander Carmichael, *Carmina Gadelica* (1928), II, 42-3.

2 *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, XXXIV (1900), pp. 483-8.

3 *The New Statistical Account of Scotland* (1845), XV, 72, note.

always assigned magic properties. Self-holed or self-bored stones (known in England as hag-stanes and in Scotland as mare-stanes), for instance, when hung up in bedrooms and in stables, were highly treasured as preserving man and beast from the nightmare; and a naturally perforated green-stone pebble, which is now in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities, was formerly suspended in a byre at Cumbernauld, Dumbartonshire, to protect the cattle from witchcraft. A roughly circular, water-rolled flint was described by an old woman of Wigtownshire, seventy-six years of age, as having been employed by her mother and grandmother "in curing anyone who was witched, or when the Evil One had come upon them"; it also belongs to the general class of holed charms.

A horse amulet or mascot was made of cast pierced brass. The design in the centre—that of a bull's head—is one of the later stages in an interesting pattern development: the lotus, the fleur-de-lis, the shield, the bull's head, the heart, and the diamond (of playing cards). The two projecting horns of the head are imitated in the *mano cornuta*, to form which the two middle fingers of the hand are flexed and the others extended—a gesture considered efficacious against witches and the evil eye,[4] dangers which horse brasses were used to avert before they began to be considered purely as ornaments. The designs, of which there are at least fifteen hundred, usually include some representation of the sun, moon, crescent, heart, or horseshoe. The brasses themselves are attached to the breast-plate or martingale, the swinger or flyer, the face-piece, and the loin strap.

Another interesting charm is an *Airne Moire* (Mary's Kidney), or Virgin Mary Nut. It is a seed, *Entada Scandens* which was used in the Island of Harris about 1880 as a cure for the pains of childbirth, after having been carried across the Atlantic by the Gulf Stream and cast

[4] R. M. Lawrence, *The Magic of the Horse-shoe* (1898), p. 12; horse brasses are discussed by E. V. Alison, "Brass Amulets," and H. Robison Carter, "English Horse Amulets," *The Connoisseur*, XXXI (1911) pp. 89-96, and XLV (1916), pp. 143-53.

ashore. Seeds with a cross-like indentation on one side and those of a white or canary colour were particularly valued. In the Uist birth ceremony, the travailing woman took the Airne Moire in her right hand and repeated the *Ave Maria* three times. The attendant then made the sign of the cross *air taobh cearr broinn a' bhoirionnaich* fo'n imleig (on the left side of the belly of the woman under the navel), while repeating a dialogue between the Virgin Mary and Jesus.[5] Sir Robert Christison tried to obtain one of these seeds, a *Guilandina Bonduc*, probably set in silver, as many were, but the Uist "husband, who had two, refused twenty shillings for one of them, saying he would not part with it for love or money till his spouse be past child-bearing."[6]

The whole question of childbed dangers, natural and supernatural, is extremely interesting. Inasmuch as a woman after childbirth and an infant before baptism were considered in grave peril from witches and evil spirits, particularly fairies who might abduct them, after taking the precaution of substituting a manikin or a block of wood, the Airne Moire, by assigning mother and child to the care of the Virgin Mary, seems to have acted as a protection against hell's legions. It was in recognition of this service that the seeds were also worn round children's necks as amulets against witchcraft. Midwives were feared as witches who might take the first opportunity of dedicating the child to evil "in the name of the devill privately,"[7] and injunctions were issued by the church against the exercise of witchcraft by midwives.[8] Female attendants were usually present to guard lying-in women from the forces of night, and, to avert malign influences, a lighted piece of fir-wood was whirled three times round the bed; later, at the baptism, the child was placed in a basket, "on which a white cloth was spread, with some

5 William Mackenzie, *Gaelic Incantations* (1895), pp. 20-6.

6 Journal for May 30, 1866—*The Life of Sir Robert Christison, Bart.* (1885-6), II, 257.

7 Robert Law, *Memorialls*, ed. C. K. Sharpe (1819), pp. 125-6.

8 *Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Period of Reformation*, ed. W. H. Frere (1910), II, 372.

bread and cheese, and the basket was suspended by a crook over the fire-place, and swung round three times.''[9]

It is worth mentioning that Sir Walter Scott set great store on a toadstone owned by his mother, and reputed to possess the same virtues as the Airne Moire. He described this charm in a letter to Joanna Baillie of April 4, 1812, as '' sovereign for protecting new born children and their mothers from the power of the fairies ''; to Mrs Mary Ann Hughes as ensuring '' a safe delivery,'' and to his readers as guarding '' pregnant women from the power of dæmons, and other dangers incidental to their situation.''[10]

The use of amulets was much more universal than a description of five particular Scottish charms can possibly indicate. Many were the forms in which amulets might be found, and many were the human ills which they were believed to cure or to ward off. Among the latter were insanity, sterility, nightmare, fever, epilepsy, hydrophobia, rheumatism, pectoral inflamation, cramp, stitches in the side, pains in the joints, sprained limbs, deafness, diseases of the eye, head, mouth, throat, jaws, heart, skin; stoppage of urine, whitlows, kidney trouble, stranguaries, poisoning, snake bites, teething pains, whooping cough, toothache, sciatica, bleeding, miscarriages, and perils of childbed; hardening or inflamation of a cow's udders, madness in cattle, worms in horses, and so forth; lightning, fire, storms, shipwreck, and theft.[11]

9 *Bygone Life in Scotland,* ed. William Andrews (1899), p. 196.

10 Lockhart's *Life* (1837-8), II, 397; Mrs Hughes, *Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott* (1904), p. 70; Scott's *Minstrelsy* (1802), II, 219, note. Perhaps the strangest charm stone of the obstetrical type is that described by Wodrow: The Laird of Home stole a corbie's eggs, boiled them, and returned them to the nest; the Laird again climbed the tree about two months later and " found a stone lying with the eggs, which the said gentleman brought away. It was a little round stone, about the bigness of a plumb. This stone he keeped for severall years, and my informer did frequently see it. It was helpfull to several weemen, as was told him, in child-birth." Robert Wodrow, *Analecta* (1842-3), II, 87.

11 This partial catalogue is made up of the ills cured by amulets mentioned by George F. Black in his article, " Scottish Charms and Amulets," *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, XXVII (1893), 433-526.

With an increasing knowledge of the natural formation, composition, and provenience of self-bored stones, variously coloured pebbles, and Molucca beans, much of the respect for the magical properties of these objects has passed away. As long, however, as the desire for health and personal welfare overleaps the accomplishment of science, some dependence on amulets will probably survive.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

One might add certain interesting details to Mr Parsons' admirably documental article.

When everything in nature was thought of as possessing an influence either beneficent or malignant, our ancestors were naturally careful of those substances with which they surrounded themselves. Even the herbalism of an old Scottish garden is eloquent of the terror inspired by evil agencies, and its trees, plants, and flowers were all selected for their supposed ability to ward off maleficent spirits. The elder, the laurel, the mountain ash, rue, peony, and rowan were so disposed round an ancient Scottish dwelling as to provide a bulwark against supernatural invasions.

Personal amulets seem to have been worn for protective purposes as well as to provide a cure for diseases once these were contracted. The chief of these in use in ancient Scotland were the adder stone, the toad stone, the mole stone, the cock knee stone, and the snail stone. The first of these appears to have been a kind of universal protection against evils of all descriptions. It was more commonly worn in the East of Scotland, and seems to have been originally a symbol of the sun. Indeed, it may have been an egg-shaped crystal like the slan-naithair, or "adder-cleanser," whose origin was attributed to the Druids. Rain-water in which it was dipped was thought to possess the power of healing, and was sprinkled among

the sickly. Such a crystal, indeed, was inserted in front of the pendant part of the quigrich, or crosier, of St. Fillan, and at the Battle of Bannockburn was held up by the Abbot of Inchaffray to encourage the Scottish army on the eve of conflict.

The cock knee stone—the etymology is obscure—was the shell of a sea-urchin, but the popular tradition had it that it was to be found in the knees of an old cock, this notion probably being fostered by the name it bore, which has almost certainly some affinity with the Celtic. The snail stone is a small hollow cylinder of blue glass, composed of five or six rings. It was supposed to be a cure for dimness of vision, and was believed to be procured from the head of a snail. The toad stone, on the other hand, was merely a pebble remarkable for its curious shape or colour. It prevented the burning of houses and the sinking of boats, and tradition said that it had the property of conferring upon a commander either absolute victory or certain death in the field for himself and all his host.

Keeping moles' feet in a purse or sporran secured the owner against lack of money, and if he carried the bones of a bird in his pockets his health was preserved. Fairy pennies, round substances made from felspar, also seem to have promoted prosperity, and at a witchcraft trial at Perth in 1623 a woman was charged with selling these "to cause a man to thrive and become rich."

Portions of the water in which enchanted stones had been dipped were frequently carried for long distances in the Highlands to be administered to the sick. At the trial of Hector Munro in 1590, Marion Macingarath, a witch, was accused of having given "three drinks of water," in which such stones had been placed, to the said Hector. A famous amulet known as "St. Conval's Chariot," a great stone which was fabled to have borne the saint from Ireland to the banks of the Clyde, was frequently drenched with water which was given to both men and beasts to cure various distempers.

Such a stone of crystal set in a silver ring was long preserved in the family of Campbell of Glenlyon. To the ring was attached another to which a cord might be tied for the purpose of dipping the charm in water. It was last used as lately as the beginning of the nineteenth century as a cure for cattle. Another similar amulet employed at even a later date was in the possession of the Stewarts of Ardvorlich.

Such, too, is the Lee Penny, a yellowish stone set in a silver coin of Edward I, which is said to have been given to an ancestor of the family, Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee, by a Saracen lady as part of a ransom for her husband in the era of the Crusades. On many occasions the Lee Penny, or water in which it had been dipped, was used as a specific for the cure of cattle. Indeed, the Presbytery of Lanark sought the advice of its provincial synod in the seventeenth century concerning the continued use of the charm by the Lord of Lee. Nearly 100 years later, when Lady Baird of Saughton Hall was bitten by a mad dog, she drank copiously of water in which it had been placed—and recovered!

The Highlander clung piously to his belief in charms for many a year after they were almost discredited in the Lowlands. It is on record that at Lochawe a properly qualified physician of the eighteenth century was, in order to continue his practice, driven to the expedient of distributing with his medicines sprigs of the mountain ash and other amulets. A book of quack medicine, called "Tippermalloch's Receipts," obtained wide acceptance. It was said to have been written by John Moncrieff of Tippermalloch, in Perthshire, and among other nauseous nostrums it gave as a remedy for fever an application of snails, while other diseases were to be cured by swallowing human bones powdered down.

Formerly the people of the Western Islands prized the "sea-nuts" or "fairy-eggs" which they found among seaweed and shells on the strand. These were of various colours, black and brown, and were worn as amulets.

Martin, in his book on the Western Isles, calls them "Molluca beans," and says that they preserved the wearer from the evil eye and cured sick cattle. They appear to be the seeds of the great pod-creeper, which grows in the West India Islands, and which have drifted to Scottish coasts, carried hither by the Gulf Stream.

The basis of all these beliefs is, of course, what is known to students of folklore as "sympathetic magic," the idea that "like cures like," or that a violent "opposite" may bring about a cessation of pain. But many of these amulets and charms seem to have been regarded as having an inherent magical virtue of their own, which was referred to spiritual influences, just as the relics of saints were believed to have particular efficacy in almost any circumstances. Many ancient books still exist which provide long and learned arguments for the use of and belief in certain stones and jewels and substances in cases of sickness either of the body or the soul, such as the "Speculum Lapidum" of Leonardus, the "Natural History" of Pliny, and the well-known work of Mizaldus, and our own Michael Scot supplies not a few instances of amulets esteemed by the medical schools in his far-off age.

THE FAERIE FAITH

By LEWIS SPENCE

CHAPTER II

IN THE SCOTS FAERIE.

I MUST justify more fully my slender assertion that the Highlands of Scotland have never appeared as a harbour of Faerie for me. As I have said, I feel rather that they are the divine and miraculously preserved Olympus of the old Caledonian gods, who are there biding their time for the inspiration of those who will relume the glories of the Northland. I am also persuaded that few of those devotees of the Celtic tradition comprehend the extraordinary spirit of volcanic supernatural energy which underlies this majestic region. Indeed I am convinced that I understand it much more fundamentally than many a loudly-confessed pro-Celt. There is a shammery about the professional Highlander, with whose bellowings or lachrymose snufflings concerning his country I have never found myself in sympathy. The Highlands need neither his doleful prophesyings nor his mournful retrospects. God of our life! they are much too triumphant for that! The Scot who feels that the Highlands have failed, that they are defeated, is a slave, a wretch unfit to carry in his veins a drop of the kingly and mystical blood of the race whose royal destiny he decries by his fears. And mark, that this defeatism is invariably revealed by those inferiors who either have drifted abroad, or, like serfs, have permitted themselves to be driven from their native soil, or else by those grotesquely garbed gentry who either refuse to quit the fleshpots of London, or who suddenly have it revealed to them that Albany is a setting more romantic for their noble selves than *the* Albany.

Those of us who have always lived in Scotland, and who

have Highland blood in our veins, accept the magnificence of the Highland *milieu* as a part of the natural scheme of things. To us it is a sense as inherent as the existence of the palace to the princely born. I know full well that when all the superincumbent Lowlandness of me is removed—and it can be removed like the lid of a box—that I am intrinsically a member of that comparatively small section of the Scottish race who may be classed as pure Scots, the conquerors of ancient Alba or Pictavia. My physical appearance and psychological make-up proclaim the same as frankly as could any heraldic insignia. And yet I have been told by an English-born pro-Celtic *poseur*, on the strength of an eighteen months' residence in the Highlands, that I understood not the spirit of that region at all, "because I had lived so long in the south"; "the south" in this case being Edinburgh!

But to return to Faerie. There is just as much Faerie in the Highlands as in the Lowlands, and of much the same sort, though the difference is discernible. Only for me, though probably not for others, it is overlaid by a mightier mythology. That is, I cannot think of the Highlands as primarily a Faerie region, but rather as a refuge and place of refreshment for deity, an Olympus to which the lesser gods, the demiurges, have withdrawn for a while to prepare themselves for the stupendous tasks which lie before them. The "depopulation" of the Highlands is no mere accident, no mere result of tyranny, or social or national wrong. It is a dispensation of Destiny determined by the Allfather for a peculiar purpose; it is the voiding of the stage for rehearsal preparatory to the enactment of one of the vastest episodes in the human drama which this star has witnessed, and certain prophetic spirits are the recipients of the intimations of this stirring and foregathering and multitudinous marshalling of the forces of fate—are initiates, wholly or partially, of the mysteries and magical sodalities whose growing potency is gradually but certainly moving toward an event of divine re-creation and re-edification.

I know of what I speak, for a revelation of this thing has been vouchsafed me. Standing in the lonely glen, the phrase of a rapturous and magical Scottish song returned as I had heard it nights before on a clarinet, perhaps the truest interpretation of the Scottish spirit in music in its extraordinarily restrained wildness, the utterance of a magic kestrel, subdued to the haunts of men, yet singing of the forest. Now it seemed to rise like the thin prelude to a vast Caledonian opera, the still small breeze that heralds the storm of violins and the full tempest of trumpets. The curtains of the sky rolled back, revealing a mighty spiritual stage, grey, stark, frightfully desolate, on which terrific shadows gestured in a music-drama of gods. For a moment the soul of the Caledonian epic in action was revealed with shattering and overwhelming suddenness, a grim and fatal myth resonant with ancestral voices calling across abysmal scenery of jagged peaks, dark-haired forest and wan water. Out of the half-tamed tune, the mocking couthiness of which conceals a Druid potency of furious elemental feeling, streamed the immense rhythms of a threnody terrible, annihilating. I had stumbled on the thaumaturgic phrase which unseals the vials in which the elements of Caledonian nature lie imprisoned.

The vision and the loud music were too oppressive to be borne more than momently, the huge barbarous bleakness of the ghostly amphitheatre, the spiritual clamour and thunderous echo of that dread orchestra too resonant for more than an instant's human hearing. But I know that the titanic drama goes on unceasingly in these mountains, that some mighty tragedy of destiny of which we have lost the spell and secret moves on relentlessly on that vasty stage, that a mystery more profound and terrible than the Orphean or the Osirian, the great soul-drama of Scotland's fate, is passing to the accompaniment of giant tramplings, and awful and majestic music.

Time, after such a foretaste of the immensities, assumes the absurdity of a notched candle. Sunrise and

setting seem the butterflies of eternity. The spell must be regained, the mystery penetrated. All else is as naught before this obsession. I know that what I saw was not the imagery of poets, no dim strand in the islands of phantasy, but a glimpse of the enacted rite, the Caledonian mythos that lies behind the mists of reality as the light of the spirit of man is shrouded by his flesh. Somewhere in the Mountains of Adamant I shall once more behold a semi-scene of the drama of Albany, then, mayhap, an act, in the entirety of all its beauty and fury. Glimpse by glimpse, interlude by interlude, initiation will proceed, until at last all is perfectly and inevitably unveiled. I am no longer appalled by the knowledge that that vision must come, for I feel that in my spirit is something native to these atmospheres which will give me to breathe therein as the sprite in his world of fire or the undine in her element of waters. For ages that mystery has had its earthly Druids, the interpreters of its saga to men, Ossian, Thomas Rymour, the writer of "The Droichis Part," the makars of ballad east and west, in Falkland as well as Drumalban, in Holyrood as in Morven and Hy.

The men who hold to outward forms of nationhood and seek not the mystery itself, those who vaunt the trappings of the Order, but know naught of its secret are like those professed pleasants who play and tumble before the portico of a theatre yet never pass its pillars. Yet even it may come to a humble man, as I know it has come to men tending their sheep, as it has to women turning their spinning-wheels. For a sense of nationhood is another genius in man, a larger communion with the spirit of the native earth which bore him, a profound knowledge of unity with the environment of birth and growth.

There is only one Caledonia, North and South, East and West. Sectaries have endeavoured to divide her sons into tribes, and fools have believed them. One land peopled by one race, animated by one soul, inspired by one philosophy. So it is with Scottish poesy. They speak of the Lowland and Highland poesy, but was Gavin

Douglas Highland or Lowland, who was more "Highland" than Scott, and did Burns tread any line of demarcation? Were the balladeers Celt or Saxon, is Hogg not "Celtic," aye, and Stevenson? Are there not now many "Highlanders" writing in Braid Scots, and many "Lowlanders" speaking and writing in Gaelic? Two tongues there may be, but there is only one soul-language in Albany, one idiom of the mind and heart.

It is essential, of capital importance, that Scotland regain the magical note of Celtic poesy, that echo of the Otherwhere, lacking which verse is merely the fool of thought. If anything be true of poesy, where so much is misunderstood and so great ignorance prevails, it is that nothing can be farther from her real essence than the stuff of reason. She is the apparition of the ideal, the momentary descent of true rhythm into a plane unrhythmic, the accidental crystallisation of elements in the midst of an experiment, imperfect, arrested in development. It can only be through the vision supernatural that glimpses of this perfection may be caught, not through the actual and corporeal sense of reason.

The ballads teem with the memories of such vision, the very birthright of the Celt. Above all lands Scotland should produce such evidences of the sight miraculous in her poesy. But where are they to-day? They lie awaiting our gathering, past the mountains, across the lochs, they fall like radiance in the glens and like haar on the firths. They are the zephyrs of that great wind of which I have written, whose fatal music booms unceasingly among the Mountains of Adamant—the mighty drama of the Gael. Let us seek the spell. Let us consummate the initiation which will make us Caledonians in the spirit as well as in the flesh.

And so, knowing not yet enough, being not yet fully initiated into the larger Mysteries, let us explore this realm of Faerie which lies closer to the mortal. This I have endeavoured passionately to do, chiefly through the culti-

vation of those senses which seem to bear poetical inspiration from its bourne to earth, and which may be paths capable of leading the human spirit back to the place whence they came.

But it is the Scots Faerie by which I am more particularly possessed in this place. What is this Scots Faerie? How does it compare with the Faerie of other lands? Has it a separate character?

As one born at a period when the last vestiges of popular belief in Faerie were still to be discovered in Scotland, it may be supposed that I intend to treat more particularly of such fragments of its lore as were current in my earlier years. That, however, is but a secondary purpose with me, although I shall not fail to deal with it in its place. It will at once be conceded that as a man who has had a certain experience of the reality of Faerie it would be impossible for me to treat of it as though it were a superstition outworn. That would be as absurd as for a minister of the Scottish Church to treat of the Gospel of St. John as though it were the babblings of a maniac. Therefore shall I endeavour to deal with the matter of Scots Faerie as did that most magnificent of visionary poets, St. John the Divine, with the mysteries and grandeurs of Paradise, believing devoutly that Faerie is a Paradise or demi-heaven lying somewhat nearer our earth in the psychical sense, the first sphere, indeed, to which we mortal men remove after our pilgrimage here is over, and from whence, I doubt not at all, we proceed to worlds and regions even more amazing and rapturous, until, at last, if we prove worthy of the same, we are caught up into that effulgent and inexpressible glory which is the final goal of all life.

" In my Father's House are many mansions. If it were not so I should have said : ' I go to prepare a place for you '." I prefer the novel reading, for these " mansions " must have been fixed from the beginning. And the first of them, I believe, is that which the men of our Europe have known as Faerie for at least fifteen

hundred years. An overwhelming body of proof of the most insistent and constantly recurring kind exists concerning the popular belief in such a sphere, and not only for the popular belief, for sages and saints have also witnessed to it.

Yet, universal as it is, it has a particular application for each country. Not only does native environment react upon the popular picture and sentiment of it, but in all likelihood the dispensation of Faerie is applied with due respect to that environment. Thus there is something generally akin betwixt the Faeriehood of Brittany and Lowland Scotland, yet still a marked difference, just as there is between the Christianity of Spain and that of France, or between the Buddhism of India and that of Japan.

To find words which will more or less precisely define the indwelling spirit of Scots Faerie is a task of the extremeist difficulty even for those who know it best. Like the mystic word of Eleusis, it is something to be apprehended rather than expressed in verbiage. I have tried to express it in verse, but ever without real success. It is, indeed, a spirit, a sentiment incommunicable. I must forbid myself to employ in its connection any of the fopperies of merely precious phrase.

First, it is a magnetism drawing the soul to the consideration of the unearthly. It has the distinct effect of compelling forgetfulness and oblivion of the terrestrial. It is an influence of the weirdly and the grotesque, the constant reminder of distance and remoteness. It stirs and induces occasionally a maddening gaiety and irresponsibility, which, in a man like myself, in whom all the natural seriousness and sub-moroseness of the Scot is to be found in no small degree, is often infernally unsettling and irritating. There is a vivacious wantonness going on over there among the human spirits manumitted from the cares of the world after death, the folk of elfin, the seraphim of that nearest heaven minister to it, and those of us who are naturally nearest to it capture, or are dis-

posed to this gaiety while yet we are denizens of the terrestrial sphere.

What wonder then that the ecclesiasts of the mediæval days regarded Faerie as the emanation and influence of a paganism only half-defunct? Moreover, the intractable vindictiveness and almost demonic cruelty of its denizens in their dealings with humanity became proverbial. Let humans break faith with them or seek to surprise their secrets and their malignity knew no bounds. Whence issued this notion of Faerie irascibility and malevolence? Assuredly it arose from the instinct, well founded, that it was perilous to traverse the boundaries fixed between sphere and sphere, the laws which separated them. The spite displayed by fays cheated or disappointed is, indeed, scarcely personal, but more suggestive of what must in the first place have been the result of a breach of those laws which govern communication between sphere and sphere. Such communication has always been fraught with peril, and any infraction of its laws is met with punishment which seems only to have a personal significance on the part of the fay because it is personally administered. Tradition and ignorance would, of course, do the rest, and serve to heighten by the aid of numerous legends the popular impression that the fays were a race peculiarly irascible, when, indeed, they were merely the agents of natural laws outraged.

In the Scots Faerie, although one finds the expression of a supernatural atmosphere, one still discovers many traces that its denizens partake of the nature of the Scot. They are often pawky, jocose, "doomful" and pragmatical. Yet, withal, there resides in the Scots idea of Faerie a sense more weird, more remote, perhaps, than in any other conception of Elfin, that sense which has made the ballads of Scotland the supremest exposition of distant enchantment, and which has fulfilled the world with the echoes of their remote phantasy. Just as it has been given to Greece to express with most felicity the idea of grace in godhead and to Palestine to exhibit its grandeur

and majesty, so it has been reserved to Scotland to reveal the lesser glories of a hierarchy more near to mortality.

The physical and mental characteristics of the Scots Faeries have been described by more than one old writer. Perhaps the *locus classicus* is "The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies," written in 1691 by the Rev. Robert Kirk, M.A., Minister of Aberfoyle, and edited by the late Andrew Lang in 1893. The MS. of the book seems to have been in the possession of the author's son, Colin Kirk, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and does not appear to have been printed before the issue of 1815, published by Longman, Scott's statement to the contrary notwithstanding.

The circumstances of Kirk's life are well enough authenticated. He was a student of theology at St. Andrews University, but took his Master of Arts degree at Edinburgh. He was the seventh and youngest son of James Kirk, who had also held the charge of Aberfoyle, and he originally ministered at Balquidder. A Celtic scholar, he translated the Bible and Psalter into Gaelic, publishing the latter in 1684. He was twice married, first to Isobel, daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Mochester, and secondly to the daughter of Campbell of Forday, who survived him. I mention these facts merely to show that he was not apochryphal. He died in 1692, at the age of 51, and his tomb is inscribed "Robertus Kirk, B.M., Linguæ Hiberniæ Lumen." "In Scott's time," says Lang, "the tomb was to be seen in the east end of the Churchyard of Aberfoyle; but the ashes of Mr Kirk *are not there*. His successor, the Rev. Dr Cochrane, in his 'Sketches of Picturesque Scenery,' informs us that, as Mr Kirk was walking on a dunshi, or fairy-hill, in his neighbourhood, he sunk down in a swoon, which was taken for death."

"After the ceremony of a seeming funeral," writes Scott, "the form of the Rev. Robert Kirk appeared to a relation and commanded him to go to Grahame of Duchray. 'Say to Duchray, who is my cousin as well as

your own, that I am not dead, but a captive in Fairyland; and only one chance remains for my liberation. When the posthumous child, of which my wife has been delivered since my disappearance, shall be brought to baptism, I will appear in the room, when, if Duchray shall throw over my head the knife or dirk which he holds in his hand, I may be restored to society; but if this is neglected, I am lost for ever.' True to his tryst, Mr Kirk did appear at the christening and 'was visibly seen'; but Duchray was so astonished that he did not throw the dirk over the head of the appearance, and to society Mr Kirk has not yet been restored." It is still believed in the neighbourhood that Kirk was spirited away by the fairies.

Kirk, as Lang points out, treated the world of Faery as "a mere fact in nature," his Presbyterianism notwithstanding. He did not believe the dwellers in fairyland to be dead, but aery spirits, "an abstruse people," the forerunners of our more substantial race. Indeed, he speaks of the Elves as though he were describing the denizens of the Astral Plane, and their Kingdom as that plane itself. But the point for us is that in order to get into communion with these beings it was essential for a man to undergo a particular ceremony of initiation into "the Second Sight."

"There be odd Solemnities at investing a Man with the Priviledges of the whole Mistery of this Second Sight," writes Kirk. "He must run a Tedder of Hair which bound a Corps to the Bier in a Helix (?) about his Midle, from End to End; then bow his Head downwards, as did Elijah, 1 Kings, 18, 42, and look back through his Legs until he sie a Funerall advance till the People cross two Marches; or look thus back thorough a Hole where there was a Knot of Fir. But if the Wind change Points while the Hair Tedder is ty'd about him, he is in Peril of his Lyfe. The usewall Method for a curious Person to get a transient Sight of this otherwise invisible crew of Subterraneans (if impotently or over rashly sought) is to put his (left Foot under the Wizard's right) Foot, and the Seer's

Hand is put on the Inquirer's Head, who is to look over the Wizard's right shoulder (which hes ane ill Appearance, as if by this Ceremony ane implicit Surrender were made of all betwixt the Wizard's Foot and his Hand, ere the Person can be admitted a privado to the Airt); then will he see a Multitude of Wight's, like furious hardie Men, flocking to him hastily from all Quarters, as thick as Atoms in the air; which are no Nonentities of Phantasms, Creatures proceiding from ane affrighted Apprehensione, confused or crazed Sense, but Realities, appearing to a stable Man in his awaking Sense, and enduring a rationall Tryall of their Being. Thes thorow Fear strick him breathless and speechless. The Wizard, defending the Lawfullness of his Skill, forbids such Horror, and comforts his Novice by telling of Zacharias, as being struck speechless at seing Apparitions, Luke 1. 20. Then he further maintains his Airt, by vouching Elisha to have had the same, and disclos'd it thus unto his Servant in 2 Kings 6, 17, when he blinded the Syrians; and Peter in Act 5, 9, forseing the Death of Saphira, by perceaving as it were her Winding-sheet about her beforehand; and Paul in Second Corinth. 12, 4, who got such a Vision and Sight as should not, nor could not be told . . . . And again, that Men of the Second Sight (being designed to give warnings against Secret Engyns) surpass the ordinary Vision of other Men, which is a native Habit in some, descended from their Ancestors, and acquired as ane artificiall Improvement of their natural Sight in others; resembling in their own Kynd the usuall artificiall Helps of optic Glasses (as Prospectives, Telescopes, and Microscopes), without which asctitious Aids those Men here treated of do perceive Things that, for their Smalness or Subtility, and Secrecy, are invisible to others, tho dayly conversant with them; they having such a Beam continuallie about them as that of the Sun, which when it shines clear only, lets common Eyes see the Atomes, in the Air, that without those Rayes they could not discern; for some have this Second Sight transmitted from Father to Sone thorow the whole Family,

own Consent or others teaching, proceeding only from a Bounty of Providence it seems, or by Compact, or by a complexionall Quality of the first Acquirer."

Now this, I suggest, is an account not of something imaginary, but of the long-preserved ritual of a hereditary cult whose members actually or professedly were able to communicate with and enter some other plane resembling that *Annwn* of which the Welsh bard Taliesin's mystical poem speaks, a long descended Celtic rite of occult potency, recognized as practicable by men living only 240 years ago.[1]

I have followed Kirk so long because I desired to indicate the presence and survival of what I believe to have been a definite tradition of contact with another plane, through the medium of a certain cult in descent from the ancient British mystics. But before leaving him, there are one or two points which I should like to allude to more particularly. He tells us that "if invited and earnestly required, these Companions make themselves known and familiar to men; otherwise, being in a different State and Element, they neither can nor will easily converse with them." This reveals the fact that a certain ritual of invocation was employed to get *en rapport* with the Faerie world. Again, it is stated that men occasionally employ stratagems "for procuring a Privacy to any of these Mysteries." This seems to indicate that mysteries were held, and these were in line of descent from the ancient British mysteries, and that they were frequented and continued by people who actually were, or believed themselves to be, initiates.

As regards the places in which these rites and mysteries may have been held, certain writers believe them to have been the "Fairy Hills" or "howes" in various parts of Scotland. Indeed the late Mr David MacRitchie in his "Testimony of Tradition" put forward the theory that the Picts were a dwarfish race dwelling in such hills and

[1] A very beautiful edition of Kirk's book has just been published by Mr Aeneas Mackay, Stirling, price 7/6.

earth-houses, and were mistaken for fairies or brownies by Kirk and others. Referring to the Faerie Hill at Aberfoyle, where Kirk lived, Mr MacRitchie wrote: "How much of this 'howe' is artificial, or whether any of it is, remains to be discovered." It is much larger than most artificial tumuli, and like most of such mounds, is probably sepulchral. Tales and legends of the entrance of humans into Faerie mounds, where they were instructed in supernatural secrets, are so numerous as to defy description.

It is manifest, to me at least, that Kirk's account records some such experience as that of Thomas the Rymour. The legend of Thomas the Rymour must be regarded from two expressly different points of view, like that of Arthur, for here myth and legend would seem to invade fact. We must examine it in the first place in its legendary implications, and secondly as a probable record of personal experience.

Who was Thomas the Rymour? That he was an historic figure appears as proven, for we have good evidence of his actual existence, both from the pages of Blynd Hary and from documents. But undoubtedly much that is legendary and even mythological has become mingled with the actual facts concerning him.

I would here stress the identity of Thomas's myth with that of the German minstrel, Tannhäuser, so familiar to most of us through Wagner's opera, and I also find a marked resemblance to the story of Merlin, the British "enchanter." That the details of the German story were borrowed for the purpose of explaining incidents in the career of Thomas Learmont, the Rymour, after his death, is unlikely, and it seems more probable that the circumstances of a much older myth common to both regions were woven into the histories of the Thuringian minstrel and the Scottish seer alike.

Regarding the historical actuality of both of these similar figures little dubiety remains, but even when racial and vocational kinships are borne in mind (and Thuringia is strongly Celtic), the nicety of the parallel between their

legendary adventures is still more extraordinary. Even the place-names connected with both versions of the tale correspond in a most remarkable way, and this fact in itself, no less than the mythical interpretation which can be inferred from these names, is sufficient to justify some closer study of the common legend.

The myth of the hero imprisoned in the hill by an enchantress is, of course, of fairly wide occurrence in the annals of folklore. It is to be found in the saga of Ogier the Dane and the Romance of Huon of Bordeaux, and has been interpreted in terms of solar myth as "the sun sinking behind the hill." But the tales in question differ considerably from those of the Rymour or Tannhäuser, who were not only liberated from their mountain prisons, but had the advantage of reality over their mythical fellows.

Tannhäuser, we are told, sought admission to the Hörselberg or Mount of Venus, left it in the hope of redemption, and returned hot-foot when that hope was shattered. Thomas entered his Eildoune at the invitation of the Queen of Faerie, who, however, warned him that he remained there at his peril.

He returned to the haunts of men, but a day came when the miracle of a hart and a hind ambling down the village street conveyed to him a supernatural summons to re-enter the enchanted hill.

The resemblances between the fables are, however, more marked than their dissimilarities. In each a famous minstrel is lured by a subterranean power into the Mount of Ursula, for that is what the names Hörselberg and Eildoune both signify. There he dwells for a season, leaves it to enjoy a brief sojourn in the world of men, and finally returns, languishing in his fairy retreat to this day.

In Thomas's case the Celtic implications of the myth are not far to seek. His surname of Learmont, indeed, if it be actually historical, might be interpreted as signifying the Mount of Lear, or Llyr, the old British sea-god, father of Manannan, from whom the Isle of Man and Clack-

mannan have their names. But this is a mere walking upon the sands of surmise, and much surer footing is to be found in the known fact that he flourished in an environment which in his time was by no means yet dissociated from Celtic tradition, and in the assuredly Celtic colouring of the myth in which he appears. Not only is the name of Thomas Rymour traditionally connected with prophecies which contain a wealth of Celtic allusions, but something more than mere tradition associates his name with a romance, the setting and personnel of which are essentially Celtic—that "Sir Tristram" which was cobbled and completed by a wizard still more potent than he.

There exist, too, excellent reasons for believing that even in the fourteenth century his countryside had not altogether cast off the memory and influences of the Brythonic civilisation which formerly flourished there. The etymology by which his sobriquet of "True Thomas" is explained as "Druid" Thomas has authority behind it at least equal in value to the evidence afforded by that tradition of prophetic practice which is said to have gained him the title. But even more valuable as a clue to the Celtic character of Thomas's legend is that portion of it which records his durance in a subterranean environment which recalls the underground dun of the Sithe or fairies of Scotland, Ireland and Brittany. Not only is it the veritable Queen of Faerie herself who spirits Thomas away, but the description afforded of her in the lay of "Thomas the Rymour," and the *mise en scène* of her domain, no less than certain happenings therein, prove her to be of Celtic provenance. Once beneath Eildon Hill, Thomas beholds the orchard so characteristic of the Celtic Otherworld, but is warned that he must not partake of its fruit, a certain proof that this is no other than the food of the dead, which, if a man eat of, he may give up all hope of regaining upper earth. He hears, too, the rushing of the great waters which separate the Celtic paradise from the land of the quick.

Now it is apparent, although it has not so far been

alluded to in any study of the subject, that Thomas's legend has many points of contact with that of Merlin himself, especially as detailed in Breton folklore. Like Thomas, Merlin was a soothsayer who fell a victim to the wiles of a fairy enchantress, Vivien, whom, according to one Breton form of the legend, he met in the glades of Broceliande. He dwelt with her in Joyous Garde, but in this case it was the man and not the "gay ladye" who exhibited signs of age once the troth was plighted. "It was foreseen long ago," says Merlin, "that a lady should lead me captive, and that I should become her prisoner for all time." For a season he leaves Joyous Garde as Thomas and Tannhäuser leave their places of durance. But Vivien learns from him an enchantment which will keep him with her forever, and employs it to retain him in her power. Waving her cloak round his head, she plunges him into a deep slumber, and transports him once more to Joyous Garde, where he is doomed to remain as the prisoner of love for ever.

Now this Breton version, which differs considerably from the better known Arthurian tale, throws considerable light on the Scottish legend, which its circumstances resemble so closely as to render it not improbable that the tale of True Thomas is merely a later adaptation of a venerable Celtic myth in which gods rather than humans and fairies are the chief actors. Merlin has a close relation with Caledonia, and in one ancient Welsh tale the enchantress who overcomes him is called the daughter of Dyonas, who is perhaps the same as Dylan, the old British sea-god, the "Son of the Wave." Merlin himself is merely "the folklore representative of a great deity," and is probably identical with Nudd or Lludd, the Brythonic Sun-god. The probabilities are, then, that the tale, as we know it, represents the last fragment of a nature myth, the precise import of which it seems a little rash to seek to determine from the rather fragmentary data at our disposal.

(To be continued).

MEXICO BEFORE CORTEZ

THOUSANDS are now interested in the archaic civilisations of ancient America, and to those who desire a popular conspectus of the history and archæology of pre-Columbian Mexico, Mr J. Eric Thompson's "Mexico Before Cortez" (Scribners, 10/6) can be recommended as both trustworthy and readable. Mr Thompson, who is in charge of the Central and South American section of the Field Museum, Chicago, is qualified to write of his subject both from long and sound experience of its practical archæological side gained in many expeditions and deep acquaintance with its historical record.

In eight well-balanced and knowledgeable chapters he deals with the history, daily life, arts, social organization, religion, Calendar, priesthood and temples of the ancient Mexicans, and if to the expert certain passages in his account appear scarcely comprehensive enough, the whole certainly suffices to present a careful picture of the civilization of the Aztecs and the peoples who surround them.

Perhaps a specialist pen is not too well adapted to the popular demonstration of a subject so difficult of explication to the wayfaring man as the ancient Mexican scene, but if Mr Thompson's account somewhat lacks the charm inherent in certain older writers who took Mexico for their province, and if he does not give his pictures the fascinating colours of which they were so lavish, he is infinitely more knowledgeable of its circumstances, and supplies a much more up-to-date body of information relative to the latest facts of Mexican excavation and research, than any mere fluent hack who takes up the study at second-hand could be capable of. Here and there, perhaps, he excuses himself from elaborating his argument on the plea that the non-technical reader could not follow him. This seems

to the present reviewer rather a pity, as though such extended demonstration might have tended to aridity, it is remarkable how much popular benefit can be extracted from a profounder consideration of seemingly difficult questions if handled with clarity and discrimination. Indeed, one believes that "the public, though dull, has not quite such a skull" as official exclusiveness may credit.

It is a little sad to note that this able protagonist of Mexican antiquity should indulge in a passing sneer at the "revival of the old wild theories that claim Atlantis or a sunken continent of the Pacific as the source of American civilization." This is by no means a very broad-minded attitude. Surely all the research and theory associated with the name of Atlantis is not "wild." Much of it, indeed, is the very reverse, and is even highly critical in character, and at least a certain proportion of it is desirous of placing the whole study on as accurate basis if possible, and even of demonstrating its fallacy if necessary. The truth is that official archæologists never take the trouble to study the more serious works written on the subject of Atlantis, any more than the medical practitioners of last century troubled themselves to peruse works on psychology. Perhaps one can hardly expect them to. But, in the absence of personal acquaintance with such works, the least a writer can do is to refrain from allusion to the subject. More than one capable American has credited the existence of Atlantis, although several bad and mistaken Americanists have also done so.

Mr Thompson is to be congratulated on the appearance of a useful popular manual on the Mexican past. It is precisely what was wanted, an accurate and "first-hand" account of pre-Columbian Mexico so far as chronicle and excavation presently permit us to comprehend it, and it is particularly valuable because of the up-to-date nature of its information.

L. S.

THE SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS

EXPEDITIONS TO FIND SUNKEN CONTINENTS

FOR twenty-three centuries men have been writing and speculating on the subject of Atlantis, but it is only within the past few years that expeditions have actually set out in search of it. These, however, do not confine their range to the Atlantic area by any means.

Inspired by the suggestion that, as the plan of Atlantis was probably circular, vestiges of circular sites might be found in North Africa, Professor Paul Borchardt of Munich set out to look for them on the Syrtis Minor in Tunis, in 1926, and found such concentric circles of masonry in the Shatt-el-Jerid.

M. Gattefossé, a successful chemical manufacturer of Lyons, who has written several books on the subject of Atlantis, is presently in the Sahara searching for vestiges of the lost continent, which he believes was situated in that desert. He is of opinion that many of the civilised races of humanity emerged from Atlantis, a theory most anthropologists will scarcely find themselves in agreement with.

Dr Rafael Requena, Secretary to President Gomez of Venezuela, and who has been called "the busiest man in South America, who writes his books in a motor-car in the interval of inspecting government schemes of work, has been searching for Atlantean remains in the Lake Tacarigua district in Venezuela, which, he is convinced, was once part of the sunken Atlantis, while Don Nicolas Ascanio, the octogenarian archæologist of Teneriffe, claims to have come upon "Atlantean pottery" under deep basaltic strata on that island.

In July of last year, Dr F. A. Vening Meinesz, the well-known Dutch geographer and seismologist, set out

for the Azores in the Dutch submarine "O.13" to test his theory that disturbances in the earth's field of gravity occur in those areas most subject to earthquakes. He later reported that he had discovered sea-depths in the South Atlantic which "are a mere fraction of those recorded in the charts." "Many changes," he adds, "will have to be made as the result of my exploration, and possibly some light will be thrown on the mysterious question of the existence of the mythical continent of Atlantis."

Two professors of the Johns Hopkins University, U.S.A., sailed in charge of an expedition to find Atlantis on the 27th of June last. But the expedition appears to be conducted under the strictest secrecy. In any case, one is at a loss to see what it can effect, unless it adopt the old expedient of taking soundings. Many years or generations must still elapse before the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's interesting tale, "The Maracott Deep," which deals with a search for Atlantis, can have any reflection in reality. When the writer told him so, he retorted: "You have spoiled a great romance for me." "And you," was the reply, "are spoiling a great reality for me." For I believe that the wreck of Atlantis sleeps beneath the sea not far from the Pillars of Hercules, as Plato wrote, although I deprecate the myriad unscientific theories which appear almost weekly concerning it, and the frothy forecasts of romancers who write of it *as though it still exists beneath the ocean* as a flourishing community!

But an expedition has left London which, in the words of one of its directors, Colonel R. B. Seymour Sewell, will have as its main object the search for traces of the continental areas which are supposed to have stretched westwards from India, and to have formed the hypothetical continent of Lemuria.

The expedition in question is the Sir John Murray Oceanographic Expedition to the Arabian Sea and North-West Indian Ocean, a permanent organization, and Colonel Seymour Sewell, who will lead it this year, is

Director of the Zoological Survey of India, and a recognised authority on Marine Biology.

"Lemuria" was a name coined by Philip Lutley Sclater, the naturalist, for an ancient Pacific continent, in the belief that within its area the lemur or lemuroid type of animal was evolved, and it has been adopted by geologists as an apposite title for the Continental mass which at some period formerly occupied a large part of the Pacific Ocean. Colonel Sewell is going to look for submerged ridges and peaks in the stretch of water between Africa and India to provide proof of the existence of this continent, the whole question of whose former site I reviewed in my recent book, "The Problem of Lemuria."

Much more definite traces exist of Lemuria than of Atlantis. In the Pacific area islands are almost constantly sinking and reappearing. The island of Sarah Ann, just north of the equator, disappeared only a year ago, and the phosphate islands in the north-west of the Paumotas have gone down and re-arisen almost within living memory. A missionary ship lost her anchor off the island of Tanna in the New Hebrides 50 years ago. To-day it rests on the summit of a hill which has taken the place of the depths where it was lost; and there are many such records of recent terrestrial changes.

Also there are the clearest evidences in the Pacific area of the continued existence of a pure white race who may be the remains of the ancient Lemurians, and who are certainly not of European origin. These are still to be found in the more inaccessible parts of New Zealand, especially in the mountain region of Urewara, and in the Solomon Islands, while stories of their former presence there are rife in almost every part of the Oceanic area.

Books and treatises relating to Atlantis and Lemuria are simply pouring from the presses of France and Germany at the present time at a rate unprecedented. They are almost as numerous as treatises on economics—and most of them are about as reasonable.

L. S.

LEGENDARY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

THE identification of the legendary islands of the Atlantic with certain regions by no means fabulous has given birth to a literature as absorbing and romantic in its way as any created by those fascinating medleys of myth and history which have provided antiquaries with so much food for controversy. During the Victorian Age the former existence of these mythical islands or their identification with one region or another was officially scouted, but of late years much has been done to show that many localities which our grandfathers firmly believed in traditionally were actually known to European geographers centuries before the date generally accepted as that of their discovery. Many an ancient voyage of exploration which was formerly classed with the Odyssey and the cruise of the Argo, has recently been verified by research as having had an existence almost as well authenticated as those of Cook or Dampier.

During the nineteenth century the venerable legend of the voyage of St. Brandan was believed to enshrine quite as much of the essence of legend as any other of the Irish sagas of seafaring. Perhaps its most acceptable version is that to be found in the fifteenth century Book of Lismore, compiled from much older materials, from which we learn that St. Brandan, the founder of the monastery of Clonfert, who flourished in the seventh century, prayed strenuously that a secret and hidden land might be shown him where he could dwell in hermitage secure from men. At first he set sail in search of it in a ship made of the hides of beasts, but later in a large wooden vessel built in Connaught, which required a crew of 60 monks to navigate her. Success crowned his quest, and he came at last to

an island "under the lee of Mount Atlas," a balmy and delectable region, where he dwelt in peace and security many years.

The first appearance of St. Brandan's isle in cartography is in the Hereford map of 1275, where it occupies the latitude of the Canary group. Indeed, in the Canary Isles a tradition survives that St. Brandan and his companions spent several years in the archipelago. Even so late as the eighteenth century an expedition left the Canaries in search of an island believed to be outside of those already known in the group and to be that on which St. Brandan had settled. "It appears likely," says Mr W. H. Babcock, "that St. Brandan in the sixth century wandered widely over the seas in quest of some warm island concerning which wonderful accounts had been brought to him, and found several such isles, the Madeira group receiving his special approval, according to the prevailing opinion of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries."

Evidence of a most interesting kind is accumulating that the legendary island of Brazil, once thought of as lying in the Atlantic, may actually have been the present Newfoundland, which seems to have been visited at an early period by Irish-speaking people. The name Brazil is probably composed of two Celtic syllables, "breas" and "ail," each highly commendatory in implication. In all probability the Irish monks whom early Norse settlers found in Iceland formed part of a great Celtic religious and missionary "push" which was pressing northwards and eastwards in the latter part of the eighth century, and the Irish who reached Newfoundland may have formed its westward wing. It is well known that the Norse discoverers of America conferred the name of Mikla Irlant, or Great Ireland, on a region not far distant from one of the coasts where they settled. The name Brazil was given to the South American country now so-called in quite a haphazard manner, and in the vague belief that the legendary locality of that name had been rediscovered after the lapse of centuries.

Of equal importance is the legendary Isle of Seven Cities, which is described as the largest of the islands of the mediæval geographers, and as rectangular in shape, extending from north to south, and lying in mid-Atlantic about latitude 35 deg. north. It appears again and again in the maps of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and later centuries, and it was thought before the discovery of America that it might be found suitable as a kind of half-way house to the Indies. The legend states that it was discovered and settled by refugees from Spain in A.D. 714, after the defeat of King Roderic by the Moors. There is also a story that the island was rediscovered by a Portuguese mariner in 1447. The main point regarding it is that its name is to be found in the Azores at the present time. The island of St. Michael's has still its Valley of the Seven Cities. Formerly some ruins were to be seen at this spot, but only fragments of them are now visible.

There is good evidence that the island of Buss, another insular locality which achieved legendary fame at a later date, was actually discovered by English sailors in 1578. Best, writing of Frobisher's third voyage in that year, says that one of his vessels, a buss, or small fishing craft, of Bridgewater, called the Emmanuel, made the discovery. Later, Thomas Wiars, a passenger in the Emmanuel, published an account of the discovery. Buss was duly placed on the maps, but the efforts of reliable searchers failed to locate it again. It came to be known as "the sunken land of Buss," and was thus noted on charts up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Was Buss submerged? It seems to be the only acceptable solution of not the least intriguing mystery known to the folklore of the sea.

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